



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

WIDENER LIBRARY



HX 4Y9D 0

Fairyland

Brian Hooker

50

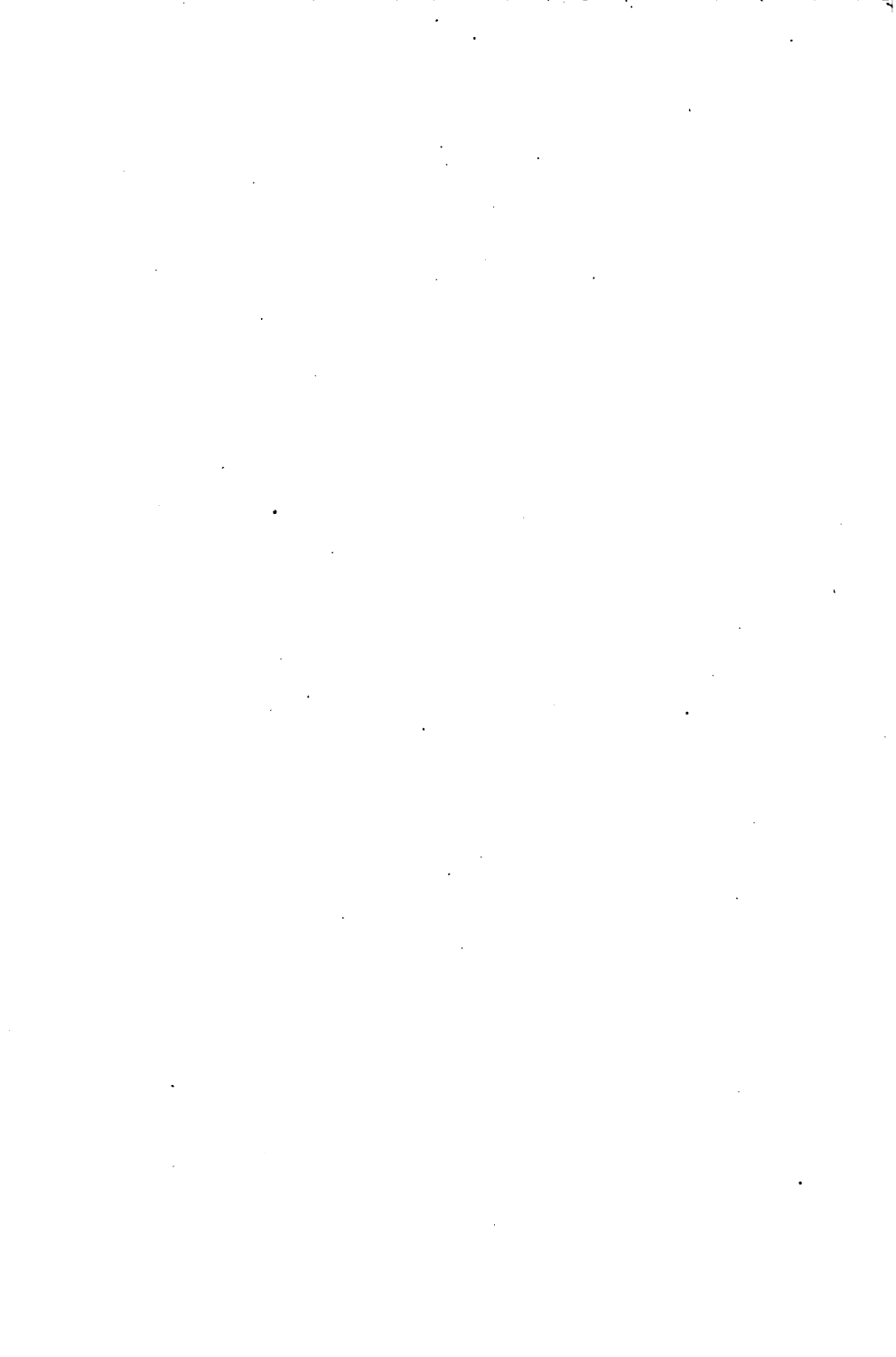
AL 1776.3.5

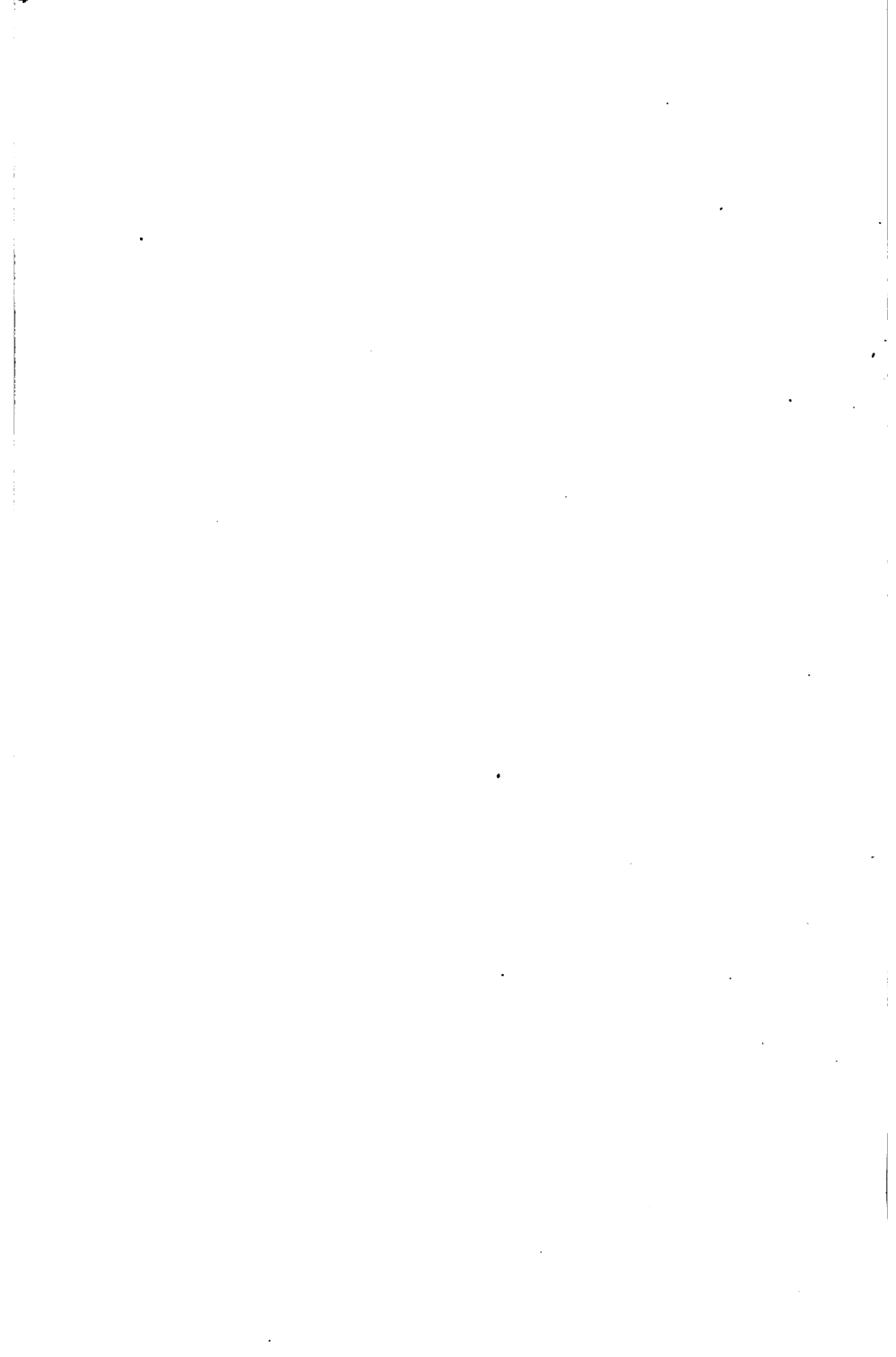
HARVARD COLLEGE
LIBRARY



THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
(CLASS OF 1882)
OF NEW YORK

1918







FAIRYLAND

FAIRYLAND

AN OPERA IN THREE ACTS

By
BRIAN HOOKER



NEW HAVEN
YALE UNIVERSITY PRESS

1915

**HARVARD COLLEGE LIBRARY
FROM
THE BEQUEST OF
EVERT JANSEN WENDELL
1918**

DAL 1776.3.5

**COPYRIGHT, 1915
By BRIAN HOOKER**

First printed February, 1000 copies

ARGUMENT

ROSAMUND, a novice, from the Abbey balcony beholds the young king *Auburn* riding across the Valley, and falls a-longing for life and for him. But he, scorning the kingdom that has been too easily his own, would fain go a pilgrimage. He leaves his crown, not to *Corvain* his brother, but to the Abbess *Myriel*. *Corvain* therefore steals upon *Auburn* while he prays before the shrine, strikes him down, and leaves him for dead. But *Auburn*, reviving, finds himself among Fairies, and within the shrine not Our Lady but his own lady *Rosamund*; and they two are crowned King and Queen in a vision of Fairyland.

Auburn being gone, *Corvain* by force seizes upon the kingdom; which *Myriel* claims also; so each takes tribute from the people, who are grievously oppressed thereby. *Rosamund*, fleeing from the Abbey in search of *Auburn*, falls into the power of *Corvain*. *Auburn* returns to claim his crown again; but none will recognize him for the

King. *Rosamund* knows him only for her Prince of Fairyland; and he, being come back again to earth, knows her not. *Myriel*, pursuing *Rosamund*, comes upon the two together. While she and *Corvain* quarrel for possession of the fugitive, *Auburn* before all the people interferes, proclaiming himself king, and invoking the magic power of the Rose which he has brought from Fairyland. But the Rose withers before the scornful laughter of *Corvain*, wherein the People join; *Rosamund*, renouncing *Corvain's* protection, is led away prisoner by *Myriel*; and *Auburn* is left desolate.

Rosamund, believing steadily in her Fairy Lover, is to be burned for witchcraft. *Myriel* strives to make her repent, persuading her how that her vision had been of Holiness, not of Love; but *Rosamund* will not doubt. *Rosamund* and *Auburn*, being without hope, now wholly remember each other and despise their dream; seeing yet *Robin* and his People as nothing more than mere peasant clods, who therefore cannot aid them. *Auburn* single-handed desperately attacks *Corvain*, who has him seized and bound also to the stake. In that last

FAIRYLAND

moment, while the fagots kindle, they hear the drinking-song of the common folk in the tavern, and by that mirth know them for the People of the Hills. The Rose burns in *Auburn's* bosom like a star, while *Rosamund* sings the magic song thereof. The scene transforms again into the likeness of their vision, wherein *Myriel* and *Corvain* are overpowered by the throng of fairies rushing in, and *Auburn* and *Rosamund* are again set free and crowned in a world that is one with Fairyland.

THE TIME is roughly the Thirteenth Century; THE PLACE, a hill country in central Europe. These, however, are not intended to locate the story with historical precision, more than in the case of any other fairy tale; but as an affair of scenery and costume and setting, the form in which it meets the eye. For the action takes place in the Valley of Shadows, also called the World: which, seen in a certain light, is also Fairyland. It is concretely represented as a triangular valley, some two miles on a side, having at one corner The Abbey; at another,

The Castle of the King; and at a third, The Village. And the scene is laid at each of these points in turn, the rest of the Valley being in each case visible and recognized in the distance.

The visual effect of the production, therefore, is of that mediæval realm of fancy with which Maxfield Parrish, Arthur Rackham, and others have made us familiar. And the transformation by which at the end of the First and Third Acts the scene becomes a vision of Fairyland is presented by the sudden change from ordinary stage light to a fantastic and decorative scheme of vivid colors and by the effect of this colored light upon the scenery and costumes.

FAIRYLAND

THE PERSONS

AUBURN, the King; afterward Prince of Fairyland.

CORVAIN, brother to Auburn.

MYRIEL, the Abbess.

ROSAMUND.

ROBIN, surnamed GOODFELLOW.

CHORUS of NUNS, MEN-AT-ARMS, and
COMMON FOLK (the People of the
Hills) who are also FAIRIES.

THE SCENES

ACT I. Before the Abbey. All-Hallows' Eve.

ACT II. The Castle of the King. Noon.

ACT III. The Village. Dawn.

THE ACTION takes place Once Upon a Time,
and within the interval of a Year and
a Day.



ACT I

BEFORE THE ABBEY. ALL-HALLOW'S EVE

FAIRYLAND

ACT I

[THE SCENE* represents the left hand corner of a triangular valley. On the extreme left, down stage, rise the gray and mossy walls of the Abbey; in the midst of which, facing right, is a great door, with a balcony over it. Beyond, the hills slope diagonally back and to the right, so that the level distance of the Valley is behind the right side of the stage. In the extreme distance, up right center, appears the Village in the opposite corner of the Valley. The foreground is separated from the rest of the picture by a cleft or chasm, which runs in a rough zigzag from just behind the Abbey to the right front corner of the scene. The path leading from the Abbey down and away to the right crosses this chasm by a bridge at a point in front of the distant

**Right* and *Left* refer throughout to the right and left of the audience, facing the stage.

FAIRYLAND

village (right center) ; and to left of the bridge and on the hither side of the chasm stands a wayside shrine, vine-covered, its interior hidden in shadow, facing the audience across the path.

Early evening in Autumn. Sunset, and yellow light over middle distance. Suggestion of color in the foliage.

The end of the overture runs into the peasants' chorus as the CURTAIN RISES on an empty stage. The singing comes softly from off stage in the direction of the village. A few peasants, carrying tools, fagots, etc., come by twos and threes down the hill-slopes to the left, cross the stage, and disappear down the path to the right, singing as they go. The effect is that they are the last stragglers of homeward bound laborers, following the greater number who have gone already toward the village, and whose singing is still audible in the distance. Among the last of these, two—an old man and a young, savage-looking for-ester—speak to each other against the music of the chorus.]

FAIRYLAND

CHORUS

In lowly and rude land
Our folk are fain to dwell,
By corn-land or woodland,
Or fallow of the dell;
So we who bear her burden
Will give our mother guerdon—
A fair land, a good land,
Whose children love her well.

THE FORESTER

Stir thyself, Gaffer!

THE OLD MAN

I am not so swift
As I have been.

THE FORESTER

The rest are home by now.
Hark to them!—Art thou grown too old to
sing
And dance on Hallows' Eve?

*[At this point the CHORUS pauses, so
that the next few words of the two peas-*

FAIRYLAND

ants are heard. ROSAMUND comes out on the balcony, in the white robes of a novice, and stands looking out over the distant valley, a prisoner dreaming freedom. The two peasants call attention to her.]

THE OLD MAN [*wondering*]

Look yonder—

THE FORESTER

Ay,

Lord help all such!

THE OLD MAN

A white angel!—

THE FORESTER

Whose feet
Shall never dance, nor her tongue learn to
sing
Lullaby, nor her arms hold love.

[The CHORUS rises again, rather louder, as more peasants pass across the stage.]

FAIRYLAND

THE OLD MAN

Kneel thou,
And take her blessing.

THE FORESTER

I will pray for her;
She hath more need than I.

[He bows his head, still standing. The other peasants have their attention called to ROSAMUND, and in turn call the attention of the audience to her by following the example of the two. THE OLD MAN and one or two others are on their knees; the rest pausing in momentary reverence. But all this is background, kept quiet enough to focus the whole scene upon ROSAMUND, the white figure against the ivied wall. The CHORUS goes right on; and ROSAMUND does not notice the peasants more than as part of the scene. Her gestures are emphatic enough to draw attention, a pantomime of longing to escape into the beautiful world.]

FAIRYLAND

THE FORESTER

Thou wilt see
Other things presently. Is this a night
For late wandering? Come, then—

*[They start away up right. The rest
is mere talking as they go.]*

THIRD PEASANT

Hallows' Eve!—
All Hallows guard us!

THE OLD MAN

Look, the sun!—

THE FORESTER

Come home!

*[They go out up right, leaving the
stage empty again except for ROSAMUND.
The ORCHESTRA shows AUBURN riding
across the valley in the distance. ROSA-
MUND suddenly sees, turns, and leans out
over the balcony, stretching her arms
toward the sight; then buries her face in*

FAIRYLAND

her hands. Her action is passionately emphatic. The CHORUS is heard again, more softly.]

CHORUS

Unfailing for ever
Her mysteries remain:
The blood of the river,
The body of the grain—
The Autumn of her dying,
Her Winter buried lying,
Whom Spring shall deliver,
And Summer crown again!

[The sound of the angelus breaks in on the close of the chorus music. The ORCHESTRA suggests the music of the nuns. ROSAMUND starts, crosses herself, and disappears within. CORVAIN enters, right, by way of the path and the bridge; pauses impatiently before the shut gate, and in a grudging perfunctory way obeys the message of the bell. As he looks up, he sees ROBIN dancing out of the forest on the left and across the stage above the chasm.]

FAIRYLAND

ROBIN [*humming as he goes*]

So we who bear her burden—

CORVAIN

Hold you there,

Fellow!

ROBIN

[Pausing on the further side of the chasm, and bowing with elvish and ironical deference.]

Gramercy for thy fellowship,
Good Master! Lo, how swift these honors
fall—

Poor Robin is become the mate of lords,
And fellow to the brother of the King!

CORVAIN

Be done, dog! Tell me, which way went the
King?

ROBIN

Shall a dog look what way a king should go?

FAIRYLAND

CORVAIN

Ay, lest the king run forth to bay the moon,
And be lost.

ROBIN

Sir, which king?

CORVAIN

My brother, oaf!
Are there so many?

ROBIN

The good sisters here,
They say we have a king in heaven. The folk
In the village yonder, they tell wonders
too—
They say there is a king in Fairyland.
Now of these three to lose one—

CORVAIN

Answer me!
Saw ye the King in the forest?

FAIRYLAND

ROBIN

Sir, I have seen
No man today more like a king than thee,

CORVAIN

More like! . .

*[He makes an angry movement
toward the bridge; Robin moves nimbly
back from the chasm.]*

What now? Come hither.

ROBIN

*[Warily approaching from his own
side of the chasm.]*

Nay, my lord,
Not too much fellowship. Look, there is yet
A gulf between us.

*[He tosses a pebble into the chasm.
There is an instant's pause while it falls.
CORVAIN goes on more quietly.]*

FAIRYLAND

CORVAIN

Hearken! Went he not
Clad as a pilgrim, in gray weeds, with staff
And sandal? Would ye know him so?

ROBIN

*[With the air of Ananias patronizing
an amateur liar.]*

Brother,
I have known many seek the Holy Land—
Poor folk, like . . us; dry women, lonely
men
And such like. But a king!—Why, look ye
now,
'Tis against nature! If we tell that tale,
Men will but say that we have murdered him
For the sake of his crown.

CORVAIN

Dost *thou* say so,
Villain?

ROBIN

The saints forbid! I only say
We dare not lose him.

FAIRYLAND

CORVAIN

Fellow, must I be
My brother's keeper?

ROBIN

Brother to a crown,
And fellow to a clown—Ay, noble sir,
Or . . .

[His gesture suggests beheading as the alternative. There is a second's pause, CORVAIN standing rigid with rage, while ROBIN comically watches him. Then ROBIN is seized with an ironical inspiration.]

Aha! See now:—This is Hallows'-Eve,
No night for prince or pilgrim wandering,
For whoso seeks the Holy Land to-night
May chance on Fairyland athwart his way.
Good! Say the goblins have him, or the
gnomes

Took him to be their king, or he hath seen
A Singing Woman in the wood, and gone
To slumber by her side for seven years,
And wake a madman. There now is a tale
Folk will believe! Say I well?

FAIRYLAND

CORVAIN

Thy long tongue
One day will crop thy long ears. Enough!
Go,
Rouse the village—

ROBIN

On this night? Holy saints!
Hallows'-Eve? Never a soul stirs from his
door—
There be too many abroad that have no
souls—
Not for twenty kings!

*[Convent bell, and music of the nuns'
chant within.]*

Marry, here be more
Seekers after lost crowns.

[Going.]

CORVAIN

Wait, thou!

FAIRYLAND

ROBIN

Not I—
It is not good to walk too near the throne—
Give ye good e'en. . . . Brother . . and
keep ye safe
From . . them who walk in darkness!

[Nuns' music in the orchestra, and a woman's voice intoning, within the Abbey. Against this CORVAIN growls, looking after ROBIN.]

CORVAIN

Insolent! . .

[Turning away down stage.]

O brother Auburn, holy brother Auburn,
Whose babe's eyes look between me and my
will—
Whose dreams rise like a smoke across my
way—
How long—

VOICE *[within]*
In sempiterna sæcula,

FAIRYLAND

NUNS [*within*]

Amen!

CORVAIN

I shall remember! . .

CHORUS OF NUNS [*within*]

Ave Virgo gloriosa,
Stella Maris, Mundi Rosa,
Peccatorum gratiosa

Consolatrix hominum—

Ave Mater, quæ primævæ
Matris mala pellis Evæ,
Filiū prolata sævæ

Genti nostræ Dominum!

[The chant rises suddenly louder as the doors open, and the NUNS march forth two and two, bearing garlands; The Abbess MYRIEL at their head, and ROSAMUND, conspicuous by her position and the contrast of her white garments, bringing up the rear. With bowed heads and measured step they move across toward the shrine.]

FAIRYLAND

O Dilecta, quam priori
Supernalis dignam thori
Ducent angelorum chori
Paranymphæ præmio!
O Beata, quæ surridet
Ubi creaturam videt
Suæ carnis, qui residet
Conditor in gremio!

[As the procession reaches CORVAIN, the ABBESS steps aside from her place and confronts him indignantly. He moves aside down right, between awe and defiance; and the two stand facing each other, as the NUNS, without looking up, go on to hang their garlands upon the shrine, each pair kneeling an instant after doing so; then march back, still singing, into the Abbey.]

Regis Nutrix angelorum,
Da contemptum terrenorum
Odium in vitiorum
Triste ministerium;
Vanitate solve mentem
Fac devotam, pœnitentem
Et valentis perferventem
Fove desiderium.

FAIRYLAND

Quando tandem, quando fore
Ut lætanti cum tremore
Sponsus mihi in decore
Paret intra patriam?
Quo jocunda spes amari
Et amando amplexari
Et amplexu consecrari
Ebriavit animam.

Dum terrena claustra sumus,
Mens est umbra, corpus humus,
Venus fœda, vita fumus
Oriendo moriens—
Ibi pulchritudo verna,
Ius amandi, mens superna,
Ultra morte lux æterna
Moriente oriens.

[*Finally the ABBESS hangs her garland, kneels, then as the last NUNS disappear, rises and confronts CORVAIN. ROSAMUND lingers in the shadow of the doorway, watching and listening.*]

CHORUS [*dying away off stage*]

O Amator amplexende,
Totam me in sinu prende,
Floris gloriæ ostende

FAIRYLAND

Ima penetralia ;
Per medulla cordis mei,
Modo turpis, modo rei,
Infer caritatem Dei
Quæ despernit alia !

MYRIEL

[*Speaking, as did CORVAIN previously,
against a murmur of intonation within.*]

Lord Corvain,
This place is holy, and this eventide
Appointed for such joys as are not thine.
What is thy will ?

CORVAIN

Little enough, good Mother—

NUNS [*within*]

Amen!

CORVAIN

—Only to seek your saintly king
Auburn [*with evil emphasis*]
If he be long away, my will
May count for something more. Look to it.

FAIRYLAND

MYRIEL

Thou?—
Surely then we shall have a king indeed!

CORVAIN

What, have ye no more news of him than I,
His brother? Ye be women still—some one
Of this unmanned communion of Christ's
brides
Might so far sin as to have heard his voice
Singing, or caught the gleam of his red hair
Across the valley?—

MYRIEL

I have no word of him,
Nor need for other evil words of thine.

[*She turns contemptuously away.*
ROSAMUND *comes timidly to meet her.*]

Farewell.

ROSAMUND

Mother—

FAIRYLAND

MYRIEL

Rosamund—thou?—

ROSAMUND

The King—

Is he lost?

CORVAIN

Ay, or gone to kneel by tombs,
And feast his soul on saint's bones.

ROSAMUND

*[Fondly, half to herself, taking no
notice of him.]*

I have dreamed
Such a one should be king! . .

*[MYRIEL is about to answer; but
CORVAIN, with immediate jealous ad-
miration, interposes.]*

CORVAIN

In Fairyland,
Maybe. Ha ha! He is half minstrel, half
Priest, altogether fool. The rest . . is man.

FAIRYLAND

ROSAMUND

[Innocently to CORVAIN, without the least notice of his coarseness.]

I never saw a man so beautiful—
So George against the dragon might have
gone,
Or Michael, thundering Lucifer down from
heaven.

MYRIEL

[In her turn interposing, before CORVAIN can answer.]

What is this?

ROSAMUND [*eagerly*]

Nay, but ye shall hear . . . To-night,
Standing alone upon the balcony
Yonder, and looking out into the world
Where the sun crowned the hills with gold,
and all
The shadows filmed with silver, and the songs
Of merry-weary folk returning home

FAIRYLAND

Blew down the blossomy breeze, through the
dull hum
Of bees and croon of doves around the
towers—
I saw one riding on a great red steed,
Glorious in golden armor, with his brow
Flung upward in the sunbeams, and his hair
Burning over him like an aureole,
Pass like some brave archangel, clanging
down
The mountain, over the river, through the
vale,
Into the forest—

CORVAIN

So ho! Stole away!

[Neither woman pays any attention to him. He is left quite out of the scene, covering his chagrin with a parade of contempt.]

MYRIEL

Child, were thine eyes upon thy beads, to see
So fondly?

FAIRYLAND

CORVAIN

[Half aside, half trying to break into the scene.]

Bah!

MYRIEL

There is a gulf between
Thee and the world.

ROSAMUND

Therefore the world seems all
Wonderful as a dream of Fairyland.

CORVAIN [*same business*]

Fairyland!

MYRIEL

Have a care lest thou raise up
The dust of carnal dreams against the light,
And gazing on bright clouds, despise the sun.

ROSAMUND

I do not love to look upon the sun—
Only by his light to behold all else

FAIRYLAND

And find all fair. . . Mother, I know this
world
Turns ashes; yet—how shall I dream of
heaven
Otherwise than by signs God shows us here—
The sweet songs and rich blossoms and kind
eyes,
The glory and the gladness and the power—
Are these evil?

CORVAIN [*maliciously delighted*]

Answered! Well answered! See
The saint speechless! Pretty one, live,
laugh, love
To-day. To-morrow—

MYRIEL [*sternly facing him*]

Ay—to-morrow. . .

[*She turns deliberately to ROSAMUND,
obliterating CORVAIN.*]

Child,
Thou hast thine answer. This is he who loves
Earth!

FAIRYLAND

ROSAMUND

I have sinned . . .

[CORVAIN, *with elaborate unconcern, swaggers over to the bridge, and stands looking up stage.*]

MYRIEL

Go seek forgiveness. Pray
The white saints wash thee pure of earth,
and show
Thy heart the way to heaven.

ROSAMUND [*moving toward the door*]

Where lies the road
To Fairyland?

CORVAIN

[*Suddenly, pointing behind them, off to the left.*]

Lo, where he comes!—

[37]

FAIRYLAND

MYRIEL

[With startled anger, hurrying ROSAMUND, who tries to follow CORVAIN's gesture.]

Obey!

There is a devil in thee. What, shall I
Be answered?—

[In the next few lines there is no interruption: MYRIEL goes right on, and CORVAIN speaks while she is speaking.]

CORVAIN

Archangel!—

MYRIEL

Go!—

CORVAIN

Prince of dreams!—

MYRIEL

What, stubborn? What, unwilling?

[38]

FAIRYLAND

[ROSAMUND is fairly driven off into the Abbey. MYRIEL turns upon CORVAIN, as AUBURN enters from the left above the chasm, crosses over by the bridge, and comes down right.]

Corvain!—

CORVAIN

[Calling to AUBURN as he approaches.]

Late!

Too late! Here was a pretty lady, fain
To follow thee to Fairyland!

AUBURN

I love

A Lady in the Holy Land.

[There is not a shadow of priggishness about him: he is simply brimming with an enthusiasm which keeps him imperturbably and even humorously good-natured: a poet, not a puritan; no ascetic, but an idealist.]

FAIRYLAND

CORVAIN [*scornfully*]

Ay, ay,
Holy Land, Fairyland, it is all one—
Meanwhile, who shall be king here?

AUBURN

Is the name
Of King so great a matter?

CORVAIN [*dryly*]

So they say. . .

[*He turns to MYRIEL. The completeness of his contempt for AUBURN is almost kindly.*]

How think ye? Did the Lord mistake, and
send
The saint into the world before the king,
Or did the women blunder, and change the
babes?

MYRIEL [*frozen stiff*]

We have heard enough blasphemy.

FAIRYLAND

AUBURN

Nay, what harm
In a word? We know him well for one
whose love
Covers her shame with laughter.

[*He turns to CORVAIN.*]

Take the crown
In God's name, brother; and with all my
heart,
Be thou—

[*He holds out the crown to him.*
MYRIEL *interposes.*]

MYRIEL

Not so! Hold!

AUBURN [*to MYRIEL*]

Shall I hold so dear
This painted picture-book of shadow and
sun, . .

[*a gesture*]

[41]

FAIRYLAND

This game of bare-the-head and bow-the-knee, . .

These golden toys? . . Ye call me dreamer.

Why,

These are dreams. I forget them.

MYRIEL

Dost thou crown

A dog with dreams?

CORVAIN

Or an Abbess? Come, give up
Thy toys to thy nurse, child. . . [*with slow
emphasis*] thy dry nurse.

AUBURN

Nay,

To a brother, if he will.

MYRIEL

Never to such

A brother!

CORVAIN

Go and pray, woman. Leave men
To deal with men.

FAIRYLAND

MYRIEL [*to AUBURN*]

A picture-book of souls;
A game of life and death; A toy whereby,
Since the beginning of the world, strong hell
Hath triumphed over heaven.

CORVAIN [*indicating the crown*]

Here is that
Wherefore, since the beginning of the world,
Men have slain one another. Shall I yield
This to her?

MYRIEL [*gesturing toward the shrine*]

Not to me: to One that was
A woman, and now reigns throned over all,
Mother and Maid and Queen.

AUBURN

Let it be so,
And over all our land flower the old blooms
Of Eden!—

CORVAIN

John-a-Dreams!

FAIRYLAND

AUBURN [*without pausing*]

Women shall bear,
And men labor ungoverned. There shall be
No law but love, no crown save on whose
brow
Burns the Star of the Sea, and in her heart
The red Rose of the World!

CORVAIN [*dryly*]

Ay, ay,—she died
Some years back. Let be, there are crowns
in heaven
Already. Also there are maids alive
That may be mothers. In the devil's name,
Let the kings reign and the saints pray!
Come home,
Take a wife, rule thy kingdom, be a man!

MYRIEL

In the devil's name?

CORVAIN [*losing patience*]

Oh, God's, Mary's, the Saints',
The goblins'!

FAIRYLAND

[*He turns to AUBURN with a certain dangerous quietness.*]

Fool, I would give life for this,
Ay, or—take life. Beware!

AUBURN

[*No pause; MYRIEL is already speaking.*]

Nay—

MYRIEL

Be *thou* ware
Of fire from heaven! Avoid! We have
endured
Overlong. Begone from us, ere that Power
Whose word I bear remove thee from His
sight
Forever. Give back!

[*As CORVAIN retreats from her across the bridge, she turns to AUBURN.*]

FAIRYLAND

Hither! Thy sword, my son,
Thy sword! Break down the bridge!
Break the bridge down!
Brother from brother will I set apart,
Blood from blood, saith the Lord!

*[The bridge falls. In the hush, the
NUNS' music is heard within the Abbey.
AUBURN turns to MYRIEL, with bowed
head, offering her the crown.]*

AUBURN

Mother, now

Thy blessing.

*[She gives it silently, by a gesture,
while a single voice within is heard in-
toning the Invocation. Then she motions
the crown away toward the shrine.]*

MYRIEL

Not to me; to Her.

NUNS [*within*]

Amen.

FAIRYLAND

[MYRIEL goes slowly into the Abbey.
AUBURN crosses to the shrine, holding
up the crown before it. The sunset has
faded into dusk.]

CORVAIN [watching him]

Holds the world such another John-a-
Dreams?

[He disappears in the darkness up
right.]

NUNS [within]

*Ave Mater quæ primæva
Matris mala pellis Evæ,
Filiū prolata sævæ
Genti nostræ Dominum.*

[It is by now twilight. A faint mist
rises out of the chasm and films the scene.
AUBURN crosses to the shrine, and stands
with bowed head before it. His solilo-
quy which follows is heard against the
singing of the NUNS off stage: that is to
say, it is not interrupted for interpola-

FAIRYLAND

*tions from the Nuns' Chorus—that is a
mere convenience of printing.]*

AUBURN

Mother, my more than mother, thou whose
eyes
Out of all azure skies look down on me—
Whose hand is in the cool brush of the
breeze
Over my brow, whose voice hums lullaby
Where brooks laugh in the sun, whose robe
flows green
Along the Springtime—

NUNS [*within*]

*Quando tandem, quando fore
Ut latanti cum tremore
Sponsus mihi in decore
Paret intra patriam?*

AUBURN

Lo, now even I,
A prince of dreams, lay my poor glory down,
Lady, before the darkness of the shrine,
While I go forth to find thee. O let me learn
The beauty painted here in shadow and sun:

FAIRYLAND

The love that is the meaning of this dream
Wherein we toss, longing; the harmony
Where all earth's dissonances close and cling
Satisfied, full of sleep.

NUNS [*within*]

*O Amator amplexende,
Totam me in sinu prende,
Floris gloriæ ostende
Ima penetralia.*

AUBURN

Star of the Sea,
Lift up mine eyes from loving dust, and let
Thy glory swim before me as a star .
Guiding my happiness to Bethlehem!
Lift up my heart, Rose of the World, and
show
Thy wonder opening as a rose unfoldeth
Her deep heart under the dawn. . . Star of
the Sea!—
Rose of the World!—

[*During AUBURN's invocation, COR-
VAIN clambers stealthily out of the gulf,*

FAIRYLAND

and creeps up behind him. In the deepening gloom, his coming might hardly be noticed but that he is heralded by a faint growl of thunder from the ORCHESTRA. As AUBURN sings his closing lines, CORVAIN half draws his sword; changes his mind and returns it to its sheath; then grasps the crown and swings it on high over the head of the kneeling figure, just as AUBURN sings the last phrase. At the same instant a flash of lightning makes the pictures stand out in momentary relief.

CORVAIN strikes. AUBURN falls forward senseless. Almost at the same moment, the Rose within the shrine breaks into a point of red light, and in the distance the music of the fairy chorus is heard against the singing of the NUNS. CORVAIN shrivels back, staring at the red light. As the fairy music grows nearer and louder, he runs wildly hither and yon, headed back each time by a momentary gleam of light from the heart of some flower; and at last, he flings away the crown and rushes off among the rocks on the right.]

FAIRYLAND

CHORUS OF FAIRIES [*off stage*]

When the summer day is done,
And the saints in heaven sleeping,
Leave the earth in elfin keeping,
At the setting of the sun—
Waken, Little Folk, awaken!
Here are fears to be forsaken,
Treasure given, pleasure taken,—
Follow, follow, every one!

[Two FAIRIES with brooms enter right and left, and cross the stage, sweeping away the mist. Then four others with wands, who advance to the shrine and kindle their wands at the red light within, then go about lighting up little colored lights in all the flowers. The scene brightens into a colorful and unearthly radiance; but the interior of the shrine is still dark save for the small red glow of the Rose.]

FAIRIES [*entering*]

When the breezes breathe in tune,
And the light of wonder hovers
Round the hearts of happy lovers

FAIRYLAND

At the rising of the moon,—
Fill and thrill them with the power
And the passion of the hour,
That embosom and embower
All the mystery of June!

[The chasm fills with a mass of misty light, over which, as over a solid substance, the FAIRIES troop on the stage, singing and dancing. The whole background of the scene is a cloud of colored light.]

FAIRIES

When the veils of earth are torn,
And a yearning and a yearning
Set the rose of beauty burning
In the hush before the morn,—
Throng around them, where the golden
Joy hath drowned them, and the olden
Wonder crowned them un beholden
In a Fairyland reborn!

[At the end of the chorus, ROBIN enters with a great cup in his hands.]

FAIRYLAND

*Standing by the shrine and before
AUBURN, he addresses the CHORUS.]*

ROBIN

Ye who are free of worlds beyond the portal,
Honor with me the dream wherefrom we
spring—
The mortal joy that maketh us immortal—
Health to our Queen and King!

CHORUS

Our Queen . . . and King!

*[He raises the cup so that the light
from the shrine catches the wine in it,
drinks, and scatters the last drops upon
AUBURN, who rises slowly to his feet,
looking about amazed. As he turns
toward the shrine, the interior thereof
is suddenly illuminated, disclosing instead
of the image of the Virgin, ROSAMUND
enthroned. Before her the magic Rose
grows out of the earth, its blossom just
below her breast, and the light of it red-
dening from beneath her white robe and
her face. She and AUBURN look in
wonder upon each other.]*

FAIRYLAND

AUBURN

Lo, the one beauty, fair beyond all seeming,
More than mine eyes may compass or
receive—
Surely of this my life was only dreaming,
And yet. . . I live!

CHORUS

Fairyland!

ROSAMUND

Lo, the one joy too dear for disobeying,
More than my heart may fathom, lest it
break,—
Surely for this my dreams were only praying,
And yet. . . I wake!

CHORUS

Fairyland!

AUBURN [*coming before her, awestricken*]

Art thou not she that is crowned Queen in
heaven?

FAIRYLAND

ROSAMUND

I have no heaven but thou art lord there-
of, . .
No crown, saving the rapture thou hast given.

AUBURN

O love, . . my love! . .

*[He kneels at her feet. She bends
above him, her hands upon his head.]*

CHORUS

Fairyland! Fairyland! Fairyland!

ROBIN

*[In the center of the stage, to the left
of the shrine: the CHORUS grouped
around the edges of the scene.]*

Rose of the World, they are lost who would
find thee—
Star of the Sea, they grow weary and
weep—
Running before crowned with thorns, and
behind thee
Drowned in thy light on the deep;

FAIRYLAND

Yet shall they come through mistake and
misnaming

Where thou art holy at last, being
whole—

Having a rose for thy flesh, and a flaming
Star for a soul.

Yea, thou shalt lead them to wonderful
places

Ere they discover how laughter redeems
Beauty, and shame, looking dreamward,
embraces

Love, the unconquered of dreams.

Heaven, earth and hell shall they range un-
forbidden

Strong in command of the glory that grows
Out of the dust, understanding the hidden
Fire in the rose.

CHORUS

Crown them! Crown them! Crown them!

[AUBURN is seated beside ROSAMUND.
The FAIRIES throng about, crowning
them with garlands and strewing flowers
before them. This goes on during the

FAIRYLAND

duet following, which is sung against the interpolated stanzas for the chorus.]

AUBURN

Now it is won: in the hour of proud surrender,
Leans my queen from her throne thrice glorified,
Down upon mine, undenyng, divinely tender,
Bending the eyes of a mother, the eyes of
a child, the eyes of a bride.

CHORUS

*Where lies the road to Fairyland? Over the
hills of dawn,
Under the seas of sunset, yonder on every
hand—
Whithersoever a soul shall follow the one
star far withdrawn
At the end of the world, is the way unfurled
that leads to Fairyland.*

ROSAMUND

Now it is done: as a song that songs remember,
Cometh my lord to his own inheriting,

FAIRYLAND

Over the heart made pure for his bridal
chamber
Folding the arms of a lover, the arms of a
man, the arms of a king.

CHORUS

*What shall we find in Fairyland? Whatever
the tales have told,
Whatever the songs have longed for,
whatever the children planned—
Folly deeper than wisdom, beauty brighter
than gold,
Laughter and tears from all the years in
the light of Fairyland!*

AUBURN, ROSAMUND, ROBIN

Now it is known: the kingdom of fancy,
founded
Firm in the flesh that hungers, the soul
that knows,
Throned upon clay, with fire as a robe sur-
rounded,

AUBURN

Crowned with the light of heaven—

FAIRYLAND

ROSAMUND

The light of a dream—

ROBIN

The light of the Rose!

CHORUS

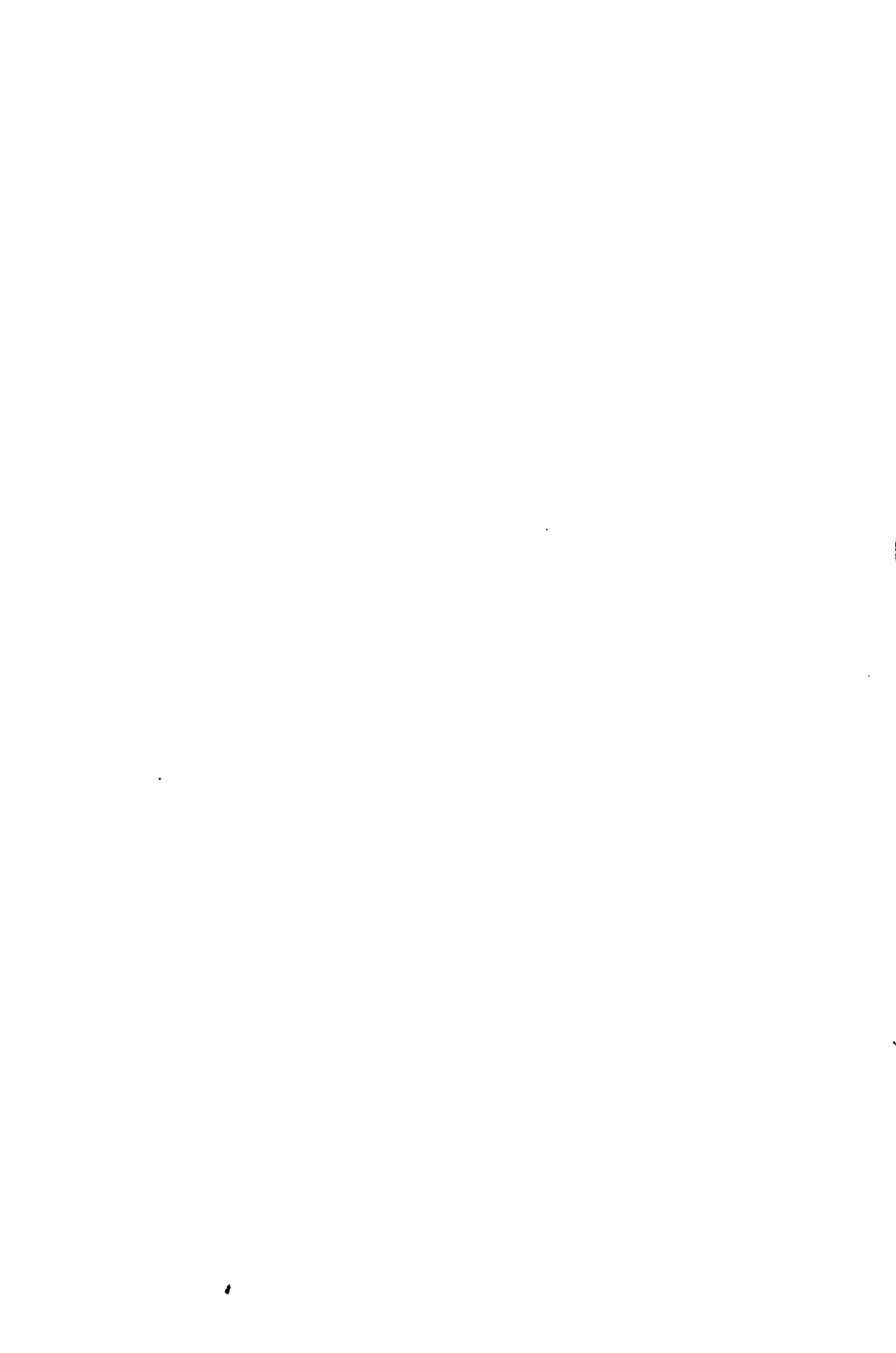
*Who shall be king in Fairyland? He that
will not forego*

*Eyes to see and ears to hear and a heart
to understand.*

*Who shall be queen? A child and a woman.
Verily they shall know*

*Heaven in earth and earth in heaven and
both in Fairyland!*

CURTAIN



ACT II

THE CASTLE OF THE KING. NOON

ACT II

[THE SCENE represents a court-yard or paved terrace in the castle of CORVAIN, which is situated upon a precipitous rock in that corner of the Valley which is to the right of the Abbey. The distance, as before, shows the Village in the opposite corner of the Valley; but in this case to left of the center; and the diagonal ridge of hills runs back from right to left. Moreover, since we are now raised high above the level of the Valley, the distance appears only upon the back drop, and the middle distance is invisible. On the extreme right is the front of the main building, a high Gothic porch running some two thirds of the way up stage; with a doorway under the shadow of it. The upper third of the practicable, from the upper corner of the porch straight across to the left, is raised to the same height as the porch itself; its upper edge is bounded by a balustrade, beyond which the top of the outer castle

FAIRYLAND

wall is just visible, as being lower down the slope. This raised portion comes down to the main stage level in a broad flight of steps which runs along its whole length, and meets at right angles a similar flight of steps running down the whole front of the porch: so that the general effect is of a shallow amphitheater, all of clean bright stone. There is not a green or growing thing in sight, except in the distance. Entrances and exits are to left and right of the raised upper portion, and through the doorway in the porch. There are two or three rigid stone seats along the parapet, and another down left center on the lower level. A small but rather ornate chair stands up right center upon the raised portion. Full sunlight throughout the act.]

[At the CURTAIN RISE, CORVAIN is standing at the head of the porch steps as though just come out of the building. He is royally dressed, a gorgeous mass of flowing color; and the change in his manner since the first act is at once ap-

FAIRYLAND

parent. He is now secure in everything he had coveted; and he carries it off with an air of lazy and sardonic supremacy—the dignity of the gorged tiger. A group of MEN-AT-ARMS are standing about him, one of whom is in the act of delivering a message from someone off stage to the left.]

MAN-AT-ARMS

. . . Therefore they pray my lord—

CORVAIN

[Lazily, without waiting for him to finish.]

Go bring them in.

They shall be heard. . .

[He moves deliberately up to the parapet and looks out, as the MAN-AT-ARMS goes off, left.]

When we met last, we looked
On yonder valley from the Abbey-side;
Now we are here. . .

FAIRYLAND

[He seats himself in the chair.]

Surely they shall be heard. . .

[The soldier returns at once with ROBIN and half a dozen miserable looking peasants, among them THE FORESTER and THE OLD MAN. ROBIN comes forward and kneels before CORVAIN, who recognizes him with malicious triumph.]

ROBIN

Justice, lord King!

CORVAIN

How now . . . fellow?

ROBIN

[Rising and indicating the peasants.]

These folk

Thy people—

CORVAIN

Not my fellows? Lord, how light
These honors fall! What seek my . . .
people?

FAIRYLAND

ROBIN

[Angry and humiliated, but with some tincture of his grotesque humor.]

Oh,

A trifle. Here! *[beckoning]*

 This woman had no bread
Wherefore her babe died. That old dog,
 being tired
Of honest hunger, stole. See his gray hair
Hides no ears. Yonder rascal, having lost
Roof, corn, and cattle, shot the king's deer.
 Look—

No more archery! . .

[Showing the stump of the man's right hand.]

 Sir, we are broke down
With too much honor. One crown is
 enough—
We are too frail to bear the weight of two.

CORVAIN

Well—I forgive them.

FAIRYLAND

ROBIN

. . . My lord, Myriel,
Claiming our land for God's kingdom, declares
Herself his treasurer. Good—Thou art
king—
Must we pay twice?

CORVAIN

Nay, surely. That were foul wrong.
Once is enough. Pay me.

ROBIN

Sir, we have paid
Her already.

CORVAIN

So! What is that to me?
Go to her.

ROBIN

To her!—

CORVAIN

Would ye have your king
Kinder than God?

FAIRYLAND

ROBIN

God help us! Wilt thou press
Wine out of dry grapes?

CORVAIN [*yawning*]

I will even try. . .
Give ye good den. . . . Brother.

ROBIN

Brother! Beware
Thine own brother!

CORVAIN [*motioning to the soldiers*]

These good folk weary me.
Answer them.

[Before his last word is out, the MEN-AT-ARMS have sprung forward, and are driving the PEASANTS back. Their protests and the retorts of the MEN-AT-ARMS form a confusion of sound which lasts while the PEASANTS are driven clear off stage to the left.]

FAIRYLAND

CHORUS

PEASANTS

—Colin, Tibbal, Bartlemy—

MEN-AT-ARMS

—Out, ye beggars! Dogs, go hang!

THE WOMAN

—Will ye turn on us who sprang
From your own blood?

MAN-AT-ARMS I

Ay, will we!

PEASANTS

—Colin, Tibbal, Bartlemy—

THE OLD MAN

—Are ye not ourselves?

MAN-AT-ARMS 2 [*presenting his spear*]

—Marry,
Not by the length of this!

FAIRYLAND

THE FORESTER

We be
Dogs, eh? Beware of claw and fang!

MEN-AT-ARMS

Out, ye beggars! Dogs, go hang!

[CORVAIN, *meanwhile, leans back in his chair with his feet thrust out in front of him, calmly enjoying the proceedings. Against the dying away of the choral disturbance off stage, the orchestra announces ROSAMUND. CORVAIN looks off left with indolent curiosity.*]

CORVAIN

What now? . . Marry, here be more
Seekers after lost kings. . .

[*The soldiers return, bringing ROSAMUND, footsore and afraid. CORVAIN starts as he sees her, and turns upon the soldiers.*]

FAIRYLAND

CORVAIN

Lo, my sweet saint
Of the Abbey!—

[To the soldiers.]

Let her go! . . .
When angels fall
The better for the world. . .

[ROSAMUND comes hesitatingly down the steps toward him. The soldiers stand above, curious and pointing.]

CORVAIN *[to the soldiers]*

Leave us! . .

[They disperse right and left. ROSAMUND approaches CORVAIN.]

ROSAMUND *[timidly]*

My lord,
Where lies the road to Fairyland?

FAIRYLAND

CORVAIN [*amazed and amused*]

The road

To . . .

ROSAMUND

For I seek the King there.

CORVAIN [*humoring her*]

He is found.

Whither thou goest, there is Fairyland—
Thou art here. I am king.

ROSAMUND

Thou dost not know. . .

[*Coming up to him, with a sort of
despairing confidence.*]

Sir, I beseech thee of thy gentleness,
Make no jest of me. I have. . . I have
known
The Prince of Faery in a waking dream,
And I will follow him to Fairyland
And find him, and delight him, or I die.

FAIRYLAND

CORVAIN

Look upon me, beautiful child. . . Look well
Dost thou not remember?—

ROSAMUND

Surely. Corvain,
The King—

CORVAIN

Thy king.

ROSAMUND

[With something like horror.]

Thou! . .

CORVAIN [*confidently*]

Look again . . .

[ROSAMUND, between hope and horror, perceives the mere brotherly resemblance. She is certain this is the wrong man, and yet—]

FAIRYLAND

ROSAMUND [*fascinated*]

Like. . . Ay,
Strangely like. . . Yet . . . Thou art not
the same—
There is no wonder in thine eyes.

CORVAIN

Who knows
His dream by daylight? Who hath known
in dreams
Anything unremembered? Come to me,
Pretty one—Am I not thy master? Lo,
The joy of all our dreams here in the day!

[ROSAMUND *suddenly breaks from her hesitation, and puts out her hands to him.*]

ROSAMUND

Touch me. . .

[*He catches both her hands and draws her to him. THE ORCHESTRA buries a slight suggestion of AUBURN under a harshly emphasized suggestion of CORVAIN. Instantly, she shrinks and struggles away.*]

FAIRYLAND

No, no, it is all wrong, all wrong! . .
Thou dost not know.

CORVAIN [*coolly*]

I know this: Myriel
Will burn thee—burn thee with fire. . .

[*Watching her.*]

standing so—
The lash behind thee and the love before—
Choose between that flame and this!

[*She turns to fly. CORVAIN raises his hand, and the entrances fill with his MEN-AT-ARMS. ROSAMUND glances desperately round, then wilts upon the bench, left center.*]

CORVAIN

They who come
Here, abide here.

[*He turns away, then pauses at the door.*]

Thou hast need of me. Look well.

FAIRYLAND

[He goes into the castle, after dismissing by a gesture the MEN-AT-ARMS.]

ROSAMUND

O far away, beyond all human need
The songs and flowers and crowns of Fairy-
land!

Ever the wrong so brave, the hope so frail,
Ever the day so long, the dream so far!
And yet. . . Am I so faithless? . . . Have
I not seen?—

Have I not known! Surely these hollow
towers

Will melt in melody down, and these vain
stones

Blaze into bloom, and over the dark of the
world

The dawn of Fairyland rise up like fire,
Hearing what songs the little people sing!

[She is on her feet, exalted with the memory of her vision. The song that follows is musically an attempt to remember the Song of the Rose at the end of Act I.]

FAIRYLAND

· ROSAMUND

In a garden glad and green
Blooms a rose, unknown, unseen—
 Ruby-bosomed like a flame,
 Holy, like a holy name—
All the world have part and right
In the garden's rich delight:
 Each may gather all he knows—
 I alone have known the Rose!

Through a world of waste and wrong
Flows a benison of song,
 Pouring on the multitude
 All their souls can bear of good;
Bringing them who know and care
Beauty, laughter, pain, and prayer—
 Each his own realities—
 Mine the singer's lips and eyes!

[Breaking the hush at the close comes a crackle of men's laughter off stage, left. ROBIN enters, more interested in ROSAMUND than in what is behind him. An instant later AUBURN follows, pausing up left to speak to the soldiers off stage. He is dressed as a pilgrim, but noticeably tattered and disheveled; and

FAIRYLAND

the hair which straggles from under his cockle-hat is nearly white. Except for his face and gestures, which remain incongruously young, he appears supernaturally aged and altered; like an old man retaining all but the surface of youth, or a young man who had contrived to put on age like a garment. The Rose is fastened in the bosom of his gown—a perfectly ordinary stage flower with no light in it.]

AUBURN

Peace! Am I not your king?

[Laughter again, off stage.]

ROBIN *[to Rosamund]*

That is not like
The songs our mothers sang of Fairyland.

[She has eyes only for AUBURN, who slowly turns and comes down.]

ROSAMUND *[passing ROBIN]*

Fairyland!—

FAIRYLAND

[AUBURN comes down the steps, facing her. She recognizes him as if he were unchanged.]

—Thou art come! . .

[She rushes forward, as if to throw herself into his arms; but his blank stare meets her like a blow. She stops transfixed, while he speaks.]

AUBURN

Lady most fair,
Beautiful stranger—

ROSAMUND

Oh, my lord—thou, . . thou! . .
Thou dost not know! . .

[It is less a reproach than a sheer cry of pain, contrasted with her cry of joy a moment since. She stumbles blindly toward him, groping with her hands, and sinks at his feet. AUBURN turns to ROBIN.]

FAIRYLAND

AUBURN

Who is this?

ROBIN

One who knows
Thee: a strange creature. . . Now, if thou
be King
Marry, what king?

AUBURN

Your own king. Auburn. Who
Should I be?

ROSAMUND

He is king in Fairyland!

ROBIN

Maybe. Not at home here—nor here.
[*tapping his forehead*]
Good sir,

We have all seen Auburn!

AUBURN [*to ROSAMUND*]

What dost thou know
Of Fairyland?

FAIRYLAND

ROSAMUND

Nothing now.

AUBURN

Ye shall know
More, having seen what wonders I have
known—
Children of earth, think ye this blossom
bloomed
In any earthly garden?

[He holds up the Rose as a thing wonderful; but ROSAMUND sees no wonder in it, and ROBIN admits none.]

ROBIN

I have seen
Such a one flowering in a wayside hedge,
Reddening before dim altars—ay, some-
times
Even in kings' crowns.

AUBURN [*to ROSAMUND*]

What dost *thou* say?

FAIRYLAND

ROSAMUND

The Rose of Fairyland. . . Not like

ROBIN

See there, now!—

AUBURN

Go!—

Are your ears faithless? Then believe your
eyes!

Rouse the village, gather my people here
And ye shall see, deep in the heart of the
rose,

The light of Fairyland burn forth like fire,
And hear what songs the Little People sing
To crown their own!

ROBIN

I cannot call to mind
That Auburn wrought miracles—

*[His half-ironical unbelief is too much
for ROSAMUND. She does not believe
anything herself, just now; but that any
other person should venture to doubt*

FAIRYLAND

AUBURN *throws her into a fine feminine rage. She advances imperiously upon* ROBIN.]

ROSAMUND

Out! Away!
Thou earth! Thou scornful nothing! Who
art thou—
Dross of the furrow, drainage of the vine,
Waste water flung away into the mire,—
Thou . . judge . . him! Begone. Do his
bidding!

ROBIN

Nay,
Here is one who believes! I go. . .

[*He turns away up right; then pauses
to wag his head wisely at AUBURN.*]

Take heed,
Brother,—roses have thorns. . Ay, and
crowns too—
It is not good to walk too near a throne!

[*Exit.*]

FAIRYLAND

[ROSAMUND reacts from anger to timidity and comes hesitatingly to AUBURN, who is looking after ROBIN.]

ROSAMUND

Dost thou not remember?

AUBURN [*full of his own concerns*]

Am I so changed?—

Lo, since I woke into the world again,
None remember! My people mock at me—
No matter. They shall know soon.

ROSAMUND

Thou and I. . .

Were we not crowned in Fairyland?

AUBURN

I have been
King in Fairyland. Also I am King
Here. Dost thou know?

ROSAMUND

I have dreamed such a one
Should be king. Tell me.

FAIRYLAND

[He is seated wearily on the stone bench, down left; she at his feet, looking up at him. Against AUBURN's account of his vision is an orchestral reminiscence of the Abbey music. To this MYRIEL enters up left, in the gorgeous purple and gold of the Mitred Abbess, and comes forward to the head of the steps up center; the NUNS gathering like a black cloud up left, as the scene goes on. AUBURN and ROSAMUND, with the stone seat screening them, are utterly unconscious: she intent upon him, and he upon his dream.]

AUBURN

While I prayed, there fell
Darkness . . and out of darkness brake like
 flame
A glory of strange joy, and all around
Fairies dancing, and a red rose that burned
With a star for the heart thereof. . .

ROSAMUND

Was there
No queen?—

FAIRYLAND

AUBURN [*almost in a trance*]

She sat above me, throned on flowers
And crowned with stars. . . all heaven in
her eyes
And on her breast the Rose of all the
world. . .

[*Half rousing himself.*]

—Thou art here, at my feet.

ROSAMUND

Am I so changed?—

No matter. It is all so long ago
And far away. . .

AUBURN [*relapsed into his reverie*]

Thereupon suddenly clanged
The stern tongue of the Abbey bell. . . The
fire
In the heart of the Rose faded, and there
came
Lightning, sharp as the wail of women's
prayers,
And thunder, like the laughter of strange
men,
And broke the vision. . .

FAIRYLAND

[ROSAMUND raises her eyes and arms to him, as MYRIEL, with the last lines of AUBURN's dream, comes down where she can see them, and pauses an instant astonished, with a backward sweep of her robes. AUBURN and ROSAMUND, looking into each other's eyes, are for an instant oblivious of her. In that instant a point of red light appears in the Rose, and as if lit thereby, a faint light of recognition in AUBURN's face. The next instant MYRIEL has broken the spell.]

ROSAMUND

[*Her hands behind AUBURN's head, as the Rose flashes.*]

Dear, look upon me. . .

Look well. . .

AUBURN

Rose of the World—

[*MYRIEL towers above them, with uplifted arms, the shadow of her falling in*

FAIRYLAND

the form of a cross between them. Instantly the light in the Rose vanishes, and therewith the recognition in AUBURN's face.]

MYRIEL

Forbear!—

[ROSAMUND shrinks back to the left. AUBURN rises.]

ROSAMUND *[to MYRIEL]*

Hast thou

Found me so soon?

MYRIEL

Let her not escape—

[This is spoken to the NUNS. The circle of them closes in upon ROSAMUND like two black wings; but as she rises from her crouching position and stands erect, they shrink away from her, rustling and whispering. MYRIEL has turned to bend reverently before AUBURN

FAIRYLAND

*as he rises in protest; and her next words
are to him.]*

Nay,

Father, she is beyond thy charity—
A torn veil, a soul ruined, a lost nun,—
Waste not heaven upon such!

AUBURN

Myriel,

Dost thou know me?

MYRIEL

I know thee for a saint
Out of the Holy Land, having beheld
In a vision the very Mother, crowned
Among angels. . .

ROSAMUND [*half aside*]

Ah, but she does not know
What we have known!—

AUBURN

Thou shalt know more of heaven
Soon, having seen Fairyland. . . Even now
The King comes. Presently I shall be King.

[90]

FAIRYLAND

[He goes up stage and stands looking out over the parapet, up right center. CORVAIN appears in the porch, a group of MEN-AT-ARMS following through the doorway. He takes in the situation of ROSAMUND'S capture with one triumphant glance; but does not see AUBURN at all.]

CORVAIN

Heaven's angels come to help us!—

[To the soldiers.]

Abide my sign—

We do not draw swords on a flock of doves,
We spread a net around them.

[The MEN-AT-ARMS disappear. CORVAIN comes down the steps to MYRIEL, speaking with sarcastic deference.]

Good Mother,
This place is earthly—carnal; and this hour
Appointed for such joys as are not thine—
What is thy will?

FAIRYLAND

MYRIEL

Nothing more. Here is one
Who fled from us. We have found her.

CORVAIN

Not so—
Ye have lost her. It is I who have found.
She is beyond your danger.

MYRIEL

Corvain, thou art king
While God waits. Beware!

CORVAIN

Meanwhile, the King reigns!
Meanwhile, I do my will! Ye have a scourge
There, Mother, not a sword—a lash, to
drive,
Wincing Beauty into my arms, a spur
To prick her on to pleasure. Look upon her
Shrinking there—Look upon me, and rage
to know
Ye cannot work us harm. Cloister your-
selves
From the bloom of all foregone joy, whose
grave

FAIRYLAND

Rankles your consecrated flesh! Toil, pray,
Dream, and close your eyes! I have opened
mine:

I see how God will not help whom ye praise,
Hurt whom ye curse, nor hold the hands of
men

From their desire—and yours, yours, yours!

I see
What crowns long to be conquered; and I
see

Only a fallow drouth of women here,
Hating and yearning.

MYRIEL

[Quietly, to the NUNS.]

Let us leave him now. . .

Take her.

*[She moves toward the exit up left.
CORVAIN raises his arm, and the gates
again fill with soldiers.]*

CORVAIN

Ay,—take her.

FAIRYLAND

MYRIEL

Corvain!—

[They face each other: she sacredly enraged, he sneering and triumphant. There is an instant of tense pause. Then the approach of the CHORUS is indicated in the ORCHESTRA. And with that, AUBURN, as having suddenly seen that which he awaited, turns and comes down between MYRIEL and CORVAIN, with a bearing of absolute authority.]

AUBURN

Abide my sign:

It is not yours to say what ye will do;
I am the King.

[Tableau of astonishment: MYRIEL and ROSAMUND showing by pose and gesture what each conceives AUBURN to be; while the ORCHESTRA and CHORUS show the nearer approach of the crowd. One stare at the apparition before him, and CORVAIN is smitten with the sudden superstitious panic of the unbeliever surprised.]

FAIRYLAND

CORVAIN

To me, Men-at-Arms! Ho,
King's men!—

[The MEN-AT-ARMS rush to range themselves behind and around him, leaving clear the entrances right and left.]

AUBURN

Behold! My people follow me.

[As he speaks, the CHORUS burst in tumultuously by both gates, filling the raised platform up stage and crowding forward down the steps: a peasantry driven desperate, a sheer mob mad with imminent revenge; a mass of snarling faces and tossing hands that clutch rude weapons—scythes, flails, mattocks—moving, threatening, and expectant.]

CHORUS

Flame shining, blood flowing,
And life plowed under year by year—
The seed of your sowing

FAIRYLAND

Hath ripened its load of pain;
The drudge of yoke and manger
Ye goaded into danger,
Aroused, overthrowing,
Is avenged again!

From watching, from weeping,
From days of shame and dreams of fear,
We rise to the reaping,
We rush to the standing grain!—
Our King, returned with wonders
Of sorcery, and thunders
Of heaven in his keeping,
Shall restore, and reign!

CORVAIN [*in a gasp*]

Sorcery!—

AUBURN

Brother, I will take my crown.
Thou hast not done well therewith.

[He faces him with an assurance too perfect for any violence. CORVAIN, half recovering, tries to carry it off with an assumption of ridicule.]

FAIRYLAND

CORVAIN

Brother!—Crown!—
Look at him! Listen to him! Ye redeless
fools,
Have ye ever seen Auburn?—

[He is not very convincing; but the crowd, always sensitive to scepticism, are just enough taken aback to show it. They become suddenly many-headed, peering and wrangling and gesticulating. AUBURN does not deign to look round. Perfectly sure and unmoved, he slowly draws the Rose from his breast and displays it. ROSAMUND, MYRIEL, and the CHORUS cry out together their several sense of the situation.]

AUBURN

Look, and be still. . .
There is no need for you to understand;
It is enough that ye obey.

ROSAMUND

My Prince
Of Fairyland!—

FAIRYLAND

MYRIEL

Father, a miracle!—

CHORUS

A rose! A spell! A lie! Auburn! Corvain!—

[This comes all at once, a confused outcry of expectation following close upon AUBURN's last words. He now steps a few paces down center, a little below the rest: the scene focusing upon him as he holds up the Rose before him with both hands, and raising his eyes to it, begins his invocation.]

AUBURN

Rose of mystery, Rose of all the world,
If ever from the world I followed thee
Over the hills of dawn, beyond the plains
Of sea and desert breathless beneath noon,
Through midnight forests whispering dread-
fully,
Till I came to thy kingdom,—bring thou me
Home now to mine! Shine forth! So they
who deny

FAIRYLAND

Thee shall behold thy heart burning like fire,
And hear what songs the Elfin people sing! . .

[A moment's pause follows this climax—just not quite long enough to make the audience think that the failure of the Rose to light up is accidental. Then there is a snarl of brass and drums in the ORCHESTRA, against which CORVAIN throws back his head and laughs aloud. The CHORUS at once catch up his laughter, echoing it from part to part; and an orchestral crescendo carries the whole up into the sound of a great gust of wind which roars across the stage. The petals are blown from the Rose and scattered on the ground; and AUBURN stands rigid, grasping the bare stem and staring into nothingness. Every figure but his own is in motion. The CHORUS come forward and to the right, mocking and threatening him. Presently he sinks down into a sitting posture among the scattered petals, gathering them up and looking at them with a kind of mechanical wonder. He

FAIRYLAND

*neither hears nor sees anything else.
ROSAMUND throws herself down beside
him, trying to see into his face.*

*The chorus lines which follow are
distributed among different parts and
different individual singers, as in the case
of the ejection of the peasants at the
beginning of the act: so that the effect
is of a confused storm of laughter and
mockery.]*

CHORUS [*divided*]

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!

Look at him! Corvain! Corvain!

—May the king forever reign!

—Ah, I said so! I said so!

—How now, wizard? Do your worst!

—Bah, I knew it from the first!

Old wives' tales have turned his brain.

—Look at him! Corvain! Corvain!

—He'd bewitch us if he durst—

Come away!

—Ay, let us go;

We have heard his magic strain,

Seen how fairy roses blow—

Ha! Ha! Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho! Ho!

FAIRYLAND

[The ridicule of AUBURN throws ROSAMUND into a wholly unselfish rage. She springs up from his side and turns upon the CHORUS, railing against their laughter: which however continues uninterrupted from the point where CORVAIN starts it until after the whole CHORUS is off the stage.]

ROSAMUND

Have done! keep silence, clowns! Have
your dull dreams
Beheld Fairyland, that ye dare to raise
Riot and mockery against your King?
What have ye known? Dogs baying at the
moon,
Moles crying out against the morning star,—
Still shameless? Ay, laugh! So your breed
is known.
Is a man pure? Laugh! Is a woman foul?
Laugh! When a child's pain wonders out
of hell,
Or lovers' joy calls down new souls from
heaven,
Laugh! Slap your knees and love your-
selves! Laugh on!

FAIRYLAND

[Her advance drives them back up stage, still mocking and mowing, and brings her face to face with CORVAIN, who is by now thoroughly enjoying himself. He holds out his arms to her triumphantly; and with that, she wilts out of her anger into personal fear, and shrinks away toward MYRIEL. CORVAIN'S angry and contemptuous gesture bids them begone; and they follow the CHORUS out up left, the NUNS closing around them. The sound of laughter dies away off stage. The stage is empty, save for AUBURN, still crouched among the fallen petals; CORVAIN standing over him; and the impassive MEN-AT-ARMS in the background.]

CORVAIN

Hail, John-a-Dreams! . .

[AUBURN looks vaguely up at him.]

What, is the name of king
So great a matter? So ho! . .

*[He turns away up the steps, right.
At the top, he pauses.]*

FAIRYLAND

Give ye good den,

[*He goes into the castle. The doors close.*]

I have been king in Fairyland. . .

ACT III

THE VILLAGE. DAWN

ACT III

[THE SCENE represents an open grassy space in the midst of the VILLAGE. Parts of houses just appear to right and left; but the main group of them is up stage beyond the practicable and on a lower level: so that the Valley is visible beyond them, with the Abbey and the Castle upon the corners of the hills to right and left in the extreme distance: their position and the identical arrangement of topography showing that we are now in the Village which appeared in the distance of the two preceding scenes. Most prominent among its buildings is the TAVERN placed in the center of the upper edge of the practicable, its doors forming the entrance there.

Sufficient trees and shrubbery appear about the edges of the scene to set it in a frame of foliage not dissimilar in coloring and composition to that of Act I. A heavy stake is set in the ground just below the center.

FAIRYLAND

The light is at first the dusk of early morning; afterwards changing through sunrise to full daylight; and at the end transformed suddenly into the unnatural light and color of the fairy vision.

At the CURTAIN RISE, ROSAMUND is discovered fastened to the stake by a chain about her waist: leaving her free for gesture and a certain amount of motion, but without suggesting any possibility of escape, or appearance of being tethered rather than bound. Four soldiers up stage keep guard over her. Immediately after the curtain rise four others coming to relieve this guard are heard singing off stage to the left: The ORCHESTRA connecting this opening with the opening of Act I.]

SOLDIERS [*off stage*]

Good Saint Aloys one winter's night,
Walking in ghostly meditation,
Came on a lady brave and bright:
Sought to advise her of salvation.

Bade her beware of earthly bliss,
Kneel, and confess her, and be shriven—

FAIRYLAND

[They break off as they enter. The business of relieving the guard is gone through in brief pantomime. One of the relieved guards brings a couple of the newcomers down to ROSAMUND, and displays her to them, holding a horn lantern callously up to her face. The ORCHESTRA connects this with the pause between stanzas of the opening chorus of Act I, the reverence of the passing peasants to ROSAMUND upon the balcony. Then the relieved guard go out up left, catching up the song as they go.]

SOLDIERS

Bade her beware of earthly bliss,
Kneel, and confess her, and be shriven—
“Father,” the Lady said, “for this
Be thou rewarded, and . . . forgiven.”

Out of her heart she plucks a rose
Lighting the dark with holy splendor—
Man never heard, and Heaven knows
Whither away his steps attend her.

[The ORCHESTRA recalls AUBURN'S ride across the Valley in Act I. The

FAIRYLAND

Abbey bell is heard in the distance and the sunrise just begins in the sky. MYRIEL enters up right, somberly and simply dressed. She is halted by the guard, one of whom holds up the lantern to her face. Thus recognized she passes down to ROSAMUND. In the ensuing scene, there is a change evident in both. ROSAMUND is at once stronger and more tolerant than before; and MYRIEL has set her whole resolute will upon being charitable.]

MYRIEL [*to the soldiers*]

It is I.

[*They let her pass. She comes to ROSAMUND who makes no acknowledgment of her presence.*]

Daughter, it is I. . .

[*ROSAMUND moves only her eyes.*]

No more
Thy judge; only another woman, come
To help and hear.

FAIRYLAND

ROSAMUND

There is no help.

MYRIEL

Dost thou

So hate me?

ROSAMUND [*quietly*]

I have thought of many things
This night. Mother, thou in thy holiness,
And the dear sisters, with their quiet eyes
Reflecting heaven—even the snowy saints
We pray to—even. . .

Ah, but they never knew
What I have known! Other things, better
things,
It may be, than my best can choose to learn—
Be it so: *I choose!* . . Therefore ye must
needs
Destroy; not hating me,—fearing my dream.

MYRIEL

Fearing!—

I have sinned. . .

[III]

FAIRYLAND

[She crushes her pride back into charity; and with that, there comes clearly to her the sense of what ROSAMUND'S vision might mean—what it would mean to herself, in terms of her own holiness. She interprets it so with the sheer confidence of inspiration.]

Daughter, be thy name
Blessed among women! In my blind hour
I said thy faith came to thee out of hell.
Forgive. I know now. Child, thy dreams
have seen
Heaven—only, being a soul unborn
Out of the body, thou hast named the Love
Past Understanding for the love we know,
Calling Paradise Eden. . .

ROSAMUND

Thou dost not know,
Mother. It was not Heaven.

MYRIEL

Am I so changed?
I was a woman ere I was a nun—
How should I not understand? Oh, look
well—

FAIRYLAND

See how it might be, thence how it hath been,
And so, the truth! . .

ROSAMUND

It is true that I love
The Prince of Fairyland.

MYRIEL [*with desperate enthusiasm*]

It shall not be!—
God will not let so much be given in vain;
Thou shalt not look downward, seeking for
Him,—
Burn thy wings in the star of Bethlehem! . .

[*Very earnestly and more quietly.*]

Little sister mine, thou art near to death,
Balancing between worlds. I promise thee
Life, absolution, sainthood. . .

ROSAMUND [*dreamily*]

All for me? . .
I had rather remember.

MYRIEL

As the lost
Remember!—

FAIRYLAND

[She controls herself again, and turns away up stage with wholly honest regret.]

Farewell. . I can only be
Thy judge.

[She goes out, right. The light is by now that of sunrise. The ORCHESTRA, following ROSAMUND's imagination as before, recalls her first account of AUBURN: "I saw one riding on a great red steed," from Act I. The soldiers notice AUBURN, creeping in right. The first, about to challenge him, is restrained by the others, as about to see good sport. AUBURN produces a sword wherewith he tries vainly to free ROSAMUND.]

AUBURN

—Chains!

[He hews furiously at the stake itself; the sword shatters in his hand. While he stands helpless, the soldiers break into pantomime of laughter, and go out into the Tavern, leaving one on guard,

FAIRYLAND

who remains up stage quite out of the scene.]

ROSAMUND

Wherefore art thou come to me?

AUBURN

Nothing. A jest for fools. Thou shalt not
die

While I live—It sounds bravely, does it
not? . .

No matter.

ROSAMUND

Dost thou know me?

AUBURN

I know thee for
The one soul upon earth believing me,
My one friend where all people mock at me,
My one love now when naught remains of me
Worth loving. I have grown old in the
night
And lost the dawn.

FAIRYLAND

ROSAMUND

And thy queen?

AUBURN

Long ago,
When I was king, I might have crowned thee
queen;
I might have saved thee, when I was a man—
Shall I now pine for shadows? I am here
At thy feet. I remember no more. Let
The dream perish!

*[He kneels before her. She looks
down at him happily.]*

ROSAMUND

Art thou so changed? . . My lord,
I have yielded my harvest; I have found my
need.
There is nothing more.

AUBURN *[raising his head]*

Touch me. . .

[She rests her hands upon his head.
The ORCHESTRA emphasizes ROSA-

FAIRYLAND

MUND'S *account of AUBURN in Act I, and AUBURN'S invocation. At the climax, he rises slowly, and they gaze upon each other wondering. The ensuing lines of recognition are sung together in duet.*]

Do I

Dream again?

ROSAMUND

Do I not remember—

AUBURN

Thou

Crowned with stars, throned among roses—

ROSAMUND

Thee

Riding in golden arms under the sun—
Auburn, the King!

AUBURN

My Queen of Fairyland!

ROSAMUND

What hath befallen us?

[117]

FAIRYLAND

AUBURN

We have seen one light
Whereof death is the shadow. . .

Flower of my May,
In the winter returning, moon of my dream
Arisen again by midnight, beautiful
As a boy's new bloom of desire, more fair
Than glory of the strong in battle, dear
As an old man's memory,—smile down, and
so

Lighting the windows of my heaven for me,
Bring the wanderer home!

ROSAMUND

We have seen one
Light whereof death is the shadow. . .

Sun of my joy
Over sorrow arising, wind of my dawn,—
Remember our day, and I mind no more
The small pain that shall make darkness of
me—

The praying women and the laughing men
And the one breath of fire that closes all—
Than songs of little children far away,
Singing to call me home.

FAIRYLAND

[By this time it is broad daylight. The Village wakes up; and the CHORUS come in here and there, by twos and threes, moving about the stage; most of them finally going into the Tavern. SOLDIERS appear and set up two high thrones, up right and left (for MYRIEL and CORVAIN). AUBURN goes about from group to group of the peasants, seeming vainly to urge them to rebellion. They are amused, incredulous, embarrassed. The ORCHESTRA suggests the opening chorus of Act I, as ROBIN comes in up left, and is stopped by AUBURN.]

ROBIN [entering]

So we who bear

Her burden—

AUBURN

Hold you there, good fellow!

ROBIN [pausing]

Who

Calls me Goodfellow?

FAIRYLAND

AUBURN

One who hath need of thee.

ROSAMUND

Auburn, the King.

ROBIN

Dost *thou* say so?

AUBURN

Say thou
So, lest we all perish. If it be true,
Auburn reigns; if it be a lie, no less
Corvain falls, and the people crown their
king.

[This piece of practical politics impresses ROBIN as decidedly a good idea, and his respect for AUBURN visibly awakens; but having all the peasant's sensitiveness to the reality of his own honor, he is a little irritated too. He assumes a grotesque air of putting the two through an examination.]

FAIRYLAND

ROBIN

And the Rose? And the Song?

ROSAMUND

Dreams.

ROBIN

It may be
We have our dreams too. Shall a dog forge
crowns
Out of the gold of the moon? Shall a blind
mole
Honor the morning star? See now, ye be-
lieve
Neither yourselves, nor us, nor your own
dream.

ROSAMUND [*bitterly*]

Art thou so bitter?

AUBURN

Nay, it is not that—
They live by dreams; we others die of
them. . .

FAIRYLAND

[To ROBIN, with the wholly honest
courtesy of an equal.]

Thy pardon.

ROBIN [*astonished*]

Thou art strangely like a king! . .

ROSAMUND

Dost *thou* say so?

ROBIN

Not I. If my lord will. . .

[*He gestures toward the Tavern; and AUBURN assenting, the two start off together. During this dialogue, the pantomime has continued. The SOLDIERS and the NUNS have been marching in and grouping themselves about the two thrones. AUBURN, half way up stage, turns back for a last word to ROSAMUND; and at the same time CORVAIN and MYRIEL enter left and right. So that as AUBURN moves up stage again, he en-*

FAIRYLAND

counters CORVAIN and a line of SOLDIERS blocking the way. ROBIN has just escaped them and gone into the Tavern, from which sounds of revelry begin to be audible.]

CORVAIN

Patience awhile, good Brother. What is thy will?

AUBURN [*quietly desperate*]

Nothing. A little longer, and my will
Might have been more.

ROSAMUND

He is the King!

CORVAIN [*deliberately*]

So? I
Am still King hereabout. It were as well,
Mayhap, thy king should go to. . Fairy-
land,
Lest we faint under three crowns.

FAIRYLAND

MYRIEL

Well dost thou
Know he is not the King! What hast thou
done
With Auburn? Out of consecrated ground
His blood cries out upon a brother. Man,
Dost thou think I do not know?

CORVAIN

Too late now,
Mother. Why not have cried murder before
I caught out of thine hand this golden toy
Wherefore kings have been slain? What
hast *thou* done
With Auburn? Will ye canonize his bones
Under your Abbey?

*[The counter-charge leaves her momentarily speechless with indignation.
CORVAIN goes on, dangerously triumphant.]*

Lord, what a coil! Brother
From brother set apart, a pilgrim slain,
A pretty lady burned for loving—all
To God's glory! Well, I will do my share—
Take him.

FAIRYLAND

[*This last is to the SOLDIERS, who at once advance upon AUBURN.*]

AUBURN

First I will do mine.

[*After one desperate glance around, he suddenly wrests the heavy crozier from MYRIEL, and with it furiously attacks CORVAIN. CORVAIN is struck down, half stunned; and the SOLDIERS overpower AUBURN just in time to save him.*]

MYRIEL AND THE NUNS

Sacrilege!

CORVAIN AND THE SOLDIERS

Treason, ho!

CORVAIN [*alone, as he rises*]

Bind him yonder.

[*To MYRIEL.*]

Enough! Thou

Hast thy victim, I mine.

FAIRYLAND

[AUBURN is chained to the stake beside ROSAMUND and to her left. The SOLDIERS pile fagots around them. MYRIEL presently comes down to ROSAMUND.]

MYRIEL

Daughter, believe
There is not any anger in my heart
Against thee. Put away thy bitter strength
And receive pardon. . . or, if not for thyself—
Remember this poor mad soul thou hast
drawn
Down to thee. Put away thy bitter joy,
And save him.

AUBURN

Dear, would I live so?

CORVAIN

Nay, save
Thine own life, pretty one—There is yet
time
Despite all dreams, dry women, and dead
men—

FAIRYLAND

What, stubborn? . . What, unwilling? . .

Presently

The sparks crack, and the little dancing
flames

Lap the lithe limbs of thee, questioning all
Thy beauty—Then the fire towers and
clings—Oh,

A hungry lover!—pillowing thy white pain
In downy-bosomed clouds, holding the last
Wild leap of thee helpless, till thy life shines
In the red heart of a great rose. . .

ROSAMUND

[Utterly unshaken, almost amused.]

Auburn,

I will tell thee a secret: he is a fool, this
king—

He thinks we are afraid.

*[There is a muffled shout of laughter
from within the Tavern, as CORVAIN
turns away.]*

AUBURN

How of our wise
Mother? She thinks we need heaven.

FAIRYLAND

[Another howl of laughter from the Tavern, covering MYRIEL'S pantomime of invocation.]

THE NUNS

Amen. . .

[As the NUNS sing the following, MYRIEL and CORVAIN assume their seats. The SOLDIERS are preparing to light the fire. AUBURN and ROSAMUND are interested only in the growing under-current of hilarity within the Tavern, which disturbs the Chant; and in so doing, they call the attention of the audience thereto.]

Domine, propone ducem
Crucifixi ferre crucem
Per tenebras et in lucem;

[The fagots are ready, and a SOLDIER approaches with a torch. The Drinking Song begins to be heard within the Tavern. The Chant continues.]

FAIRYLAND

Aut nolentem pertinere,
Domine, ne te videre
Defendatur, miserere.

[The fagots are lighted. At the first flicker of flame, the Drinking Song bursts out full force, drowning the Chant, which presently gives place to it: so that whereas the first stanza of the Chant is heard alone, the last stanza of the Drinking Song is so heard.]

CHORUS [*within the Tavern*]

Ye lads of beggary, lords of birth,
And brothers about the bowl,—
Come join the mirth of your mother Earth,
And pass her soul
*Round, round, and round again—
Time your trouble was drowned again—
Jollity followed and found again,
And hearts made whole!*

Her frozen breast was a rose of spring
Or ever your woes began;
So laugh your best, and be king by king
And man by man,
(while years go)

FAIRYLAND

*Round, round, and round again—
Time your trouble was drowned again—
Jollity followed and found again
By him who can!*

Then think upon her, and sing her honor,
And drink to her fair renown,
Till flowers loom up in the blooming cup,
And stars bow down
(to the ground, so)

*Round, round, and round again,—
Time the Devil was drowned again—
Jollity followed and found again,
(And throned again, and crowned again,)
With wine's own crown!*

[*The smoke and fire are spreading around the stake; yet not so much as to conceal the two figures there from the plain sight of the audience. The fire-music in the ORCHESTRA is the patter of the FAIRIES' entrance in Act I. From the first catch of the Drinking Song, ROSAMUND has suddenly recognized the fairy magic in the Peasants' mirth; and as the song goes on, she is rapt into full understanding how the common folk are*

FAIRYLAND

the Fairies after all, and the world one with her dream. Of the two, AUBURN is the still and desperate martyr; ROSAMUND is transfigured beyond any thought of death.]

ROSAMUND

Hearken. . the song! . .

AUBURN

Beloved, we have drunk one
Cup of red wine together—one more now,
And then. . . Fairyland!

[He is standing rigid, looking only at her, and clutching mechanically at the withered Rose in his breast. ROSAMUND lays her hand upon his. At that touch, the Rose suddenly blooms and lights up within as at first. Instantly the doors of the Tavern fly open, disclosing a tableau of ROBIN and part of the CHORUS grouped in a scene of revelry under brilliant light: ROBIN upon a table, with the same great cup in his hand which he

FAIRYLAND

bore in the first fairy scene; the others with uplifted arms around him.]

ROSAMUND

Look—the Rose!

THE NUNS AND SOLDIERS

The Rose!

[The dry stem in AUBURN'S hand is a burning blossom. The others are transfixed, staring at it. ROSAMUND throws back her head and breaks into the Song of the Rose. As she sings, ROBIN and the CHORUS come out of the Tavern, waving their cups. The lights change as in Act I, into the wild color of the fairy vision. The CHORUS, now fairies in the unearthly light, keep pouring in. MYRIEL and CORVAIN shrink from their thrones before the advancing multitude, and fall back down left and right; while the NUNS and SOLDIERS give way before the crowd of fairies with their cups and flowers. The effect of all this is not that of a struggle, but of an

FAIRYLAND

overpowering spell whereto there is no resistance: so that ROSAMUND's big solo is not disturbed, but as it were illustrated, by the stage effect. This action goes on through the whole time of her singing.]

ROSAMUND

Rose of the World, thou art grown in all
fields. There was never

Soul upon earth but has worn thee and
borne thee along

Under the bosom of joy, on the crest of
endeavor

Blooming, a breath and a melody, blossom
and song;

Still, when the kisses are done, when the
battle is over,

Burning before him, beyond him, alone
and afar—

Light in the heart of the saint; in the heart
of the lover,

Fire; in the child's heart, a star.

Star of the Sea, thou art known: of thy gold
is our treasure.

All who have fought for thee, sought for
thee, under the sun,

FAIRYLAND

Owning strange gods, bearing old pain,
obeying new pleasure,—

Surely their sorrows are many; their joys
are as one.

Ever an earth more unearthly, a heaven
more human,

Body and soul of desire in immortal
alloy,—

Dreams in the sword of the man, in the
womb of the woman:

One hope, one beauty, one Joy!

[The transformation is complete.

*ROBIN comes out before the stake, hold-
his cup aloft.]*

ROBIN

Health to the King and Queen!

CHORUS

The King and Queen!

*[He drinks, and casts the last drops
of wine upon the fire. It vanishes, and
the chains fall.]*

FAIRYLAND

CHORUS

Crown them! Crown them! Crown them!

[AUBURN and ROSAMUND are momentarily lost in the crowd of fairies as ROBIN turns to the others. During his next four lines, the thrones are brought down and placed side by side near the stake, and AUBURN and ROSAMUND robed gloriously and seated therein. The fairies are grouped around, the NUNS and SOLDIERS further to right and left, MYRIEL and CORVAIN with their respective followers; and ROBIN beside the thrones.]

ROBIN

Ye whose blind power is melted into mirth,
Whose holiness is now a sin forgiven:
Knowing not heaven, what have ye known
of Earth—
Knowing not earth, what can ye know of
Heaven?

CHORUS

Fairyland! Fairyland! Fairyland!

FAIRYLAND

*[By now the final tableau is arranged,
and the scene proceeds to an end as in
Act I, without movement.]*

AUBURN, ROSAMUND, ROBIN

Now it is known: the kingdom of fancy,
founded

Firm in the flesh that hungers, the soul
that knows;

Throned upon clay, with fire as a robe sur-
rounded,

AUBURN

Crowned with the light of heaven,—

ROSAMUND

The light of a dream,—

ROBIN

The light of the Rose!

*[Against this is sung the Chorus fol-
lowing: so that the whole comes to an
end together.]*

FAIRYLAND

CHORUS

*Where shall we hide from Fairyland? We
who are woman-born:*

*A music sung by angels to the word of
man's demand?—*

*Never an ear too dull to hear the call of the
elfin horn,*

*Nor an eye so blind but it shall find the
way to Fairyland!*

*How shall we dwell in Fairyland? We who
are dust and fire,*

*Glory and gloom interwoven, a dark and
a shining strand?—*

*One in the pain we remember, one in the joy
we desire,*

*Waking on earth, sleeping in heaven,
dreaming in Fairyland!*

CURTAIN

